

THE  
NASSAU  
LITERARY  
MAGAZINE.

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*VOLUME XLVI.*

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EDITORS:

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J. C. MEYERS, PA.

G. H. STEPHENS, PA.  
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TREASURER:

G. B. AGNEW, N. Y. Lock Box 647.

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THE BRIDAL HUSKING.

IT WAS one of those quiet, somnolent days when October draws together with both hands the shades of the morning and evening. The purple haze of Indian summer had swathed the sides of the Elken Mountains, and, leaving a mellow glow in the valley of the Wylusing, floated away to mingle with the blue on the far horizon. Scarce a breath stirred the musing forest; and, with my gun swung from my shoulder, I stepped softly over the fallen leaves lest their rustling should waken nature from her dreaming. It was about ten in the morning when my hounds left me, striking a fresh trail, I suppose, for they bounded madly away, and soon their deep baying was lost in the distance. I blew frequent blasts on my horn, thinking to call them back, but they had passed beyond its hearing and I saw them no more. Then I began to wonder which might be the shortest way home, for stealthy dusk was creeping up

the valley, and I knew the hills would soon be wrapped in darkness. I walked briskly, hoping to come upon some mountain path leading out of the wood, but the faster I hurried the swifter night seemed to come on, till all the bright autumnal tints had faded away into the monotonous shade of early twilight, and I realized that I was lost in the wildest regions of northern Pennsylvania.

I had lost hope of finding my way, when suddenly I caught the gleam of a light through the thick foliage, then lost it again, till, gaining a little eminence, I clearly discerned, far down across the valley, lights which I knew must be shining through cottage windows. Half from joy, half to announce my coming, I turned my horn in that direction and blew one long, heavy blast. Only the echo, sounding over the valley, fell back upon my anxious ear. Yet they must have heard it in the cottage below, for the lights seemed to grow brighter, and two others appeared, looking together like a cluster of stars fallen from the twilighted heavens.

It was an old log hut. But woodbine and honeysuckle had redeemed the decaying logs and hung in rich profusion about the open door. At the further end of the room\* a brushwood fire was burning cheerily in the wide chimney-place, and over it an old woman was bending to swing out the sooty crane over the blaze. She waited only to hang on a shallow pan, then came quickly to the door in answer to my sounding step. Seventy years had whitened her head and bent her form, but in her countenance there was a wild, pleading question, made doubly strange when she put it in words:

"O, my lost Vinnie, sir! have they found her yet? Think you they'll bring her back to-night? The horns have been a blowing all day long in the mountains, and I know as how they've been looking for my poor lost child. And do you know, sir, if they've found her yet?"

She paused as if to listen and clasped her hands like one in prayer, but hearing nothing, beckoned me within. It



was an old-fashioned home. On the walls of the simple room were hung some rusty tools, an old flint-lock, a few dried herbs, and a broken distaff half wound with flax. High in the corner stood an old wooden clock measuring out the time with slow, even tick. A small oak table had been spread with clean homespun and blue ware, and at each window two fresh candles were burning "to guide them home," she said, "for it's very dark on the hills to-night, and poor Vinnie'll want the light. And I've warmed the toast, too, and steeped the tea," she added, pouring me a fragrant cup, "for Vinnie'll need a bite, poor child; and won't she come to-night, d' you s'pose? They've been searching the hills to-day, I know, for the horns never blowed so strong and clear-like in all the long days o' my keeping watch in the valley. And didn't you know, sir, as how our Vinnie got lost?" she continued, seeing my wonder; "then draw nigh to the warm hearth, as 'ull cheer you, for the story is long and sad.

"It's going on forty year," she began, "since John and me moved into the valley to clear land and build us a new home. Little Vinnie, our only child, was just ten year old then, and we lived and worked for her; 'twould ha' been hard making a fresh beginnin' if she'd been gone then, for her bright face took the smart out of the work, and she helped of a bit, too, for she'd carry John a fresh drink from the spring, and drive up the cows at night; then she tended the flowers in the yard and planted the wild ivy vines agin the side o' the house as is now run all over the roof. And so it was as that she eased the heavy load; and things 'peared to get on well wi' us—the fallows burned clean, the crops yielded heavy, and we watched our little home grow year by year until Vinnie warn't no longer a child. Then came a young Warren into the valley, and took up land next to us; and while he was gettin' started he lived with us, working over the hill and coming home nights, so at noon-time, Vinnie, she had to carry a warm lunch; and

when I'd ask why she's so long gone, she'd say as how the vi'lets was so thick and the adder-tongues had all blossomed out and such like. But by-an'-by I begin'd to guess why she'd took to the flowers all so fond-like. But we didn't mind it that he cared for her, for he was as fine a man as ever set axe to a tree, and she loved him. So, in the fall-time, 'twas 'ranged as how they'd be married; and accordin' to the custom back in the old State, Warren, he asked to call in the young folks 'round and husk out the corn 'to pay for his bride,' as we used to say, for, you know, in them hardy, pioneer times, one hand worked while t'other played. Well, I took to the idee at once, for John and me was married at a huskin' our own selves. So, Warren jumped on to his horse that very night, and started out to do th' invitin'.

"How well I remember the day they came! The hills was tinged with red and yellow, and the sun shone through the smoky sky just as it did to-day. We'd got everything ready in-doors, Vinnie and me—cakes and cookies and pumpkin pies, enough to 'stablish a king's larder; and Vinnie, she'd made her a new gound out of some plaids John had fetched from the city. And the men folks, they hauled off the big corn-stouts down onto the beaver meadow, and set 'em up in two great circles, ready for the happy huskers. And what a gay lot of 'em there was! boys and girls, pretty lasses with their sturdy beaus, and even the old folks, they came out that night to see as what was going on. And they did make the corn fly! Ranged in rings round two circles, the merry huskers stripped out the yellow ears and throw'd 'em up into two great piles in the middle, and the moon came out and lit up the flinty mass as made 'em look like two great heaps o' gold, and if one was lucky to find a red ear, he'd tost it over to the one he liked, and then they'd all stop to see 'em chase 'round the ring. Beats all as how them girls 'ud run, like as if they'd the breath o' th' fannin'-mill. Round and round they'd spin, dodging

one way then t'other, till at last he caught her, and then—well—they played other games, too. I 'member they'd begun 'I spy,' an' had hid behind the corn-stalks and among the husks, and Warren, he was a-hunting 'em out; but afore he'd found 'em all, John, he came down and said 'twas time to begin the bridal huskin'; so they stopped off and chose 'em two leaders, Warren and Ben Casey they was, to drive down the bridal stakes into the tops o' the two great corn heaps till they stuck a foot or so out above. I can see just how proud lookin' and happy Warren was that night as he took his iron-wood stake and stepped up onto the great pile o' corn, and with one mighty thrust sent it a-tearing down through the top of the heap. And Ben Casey, too, when he'd drove his stake, and they'd all made ready, someone gave the go, and they begun to husk as fast as ever they could to see who'd be first to cover up their stake, for, you know, 'twas 'warded to them to lead the bride to the house and set down to the first table, while th' others had to stay in the field and finish out the rest of the corn. Well, if the 'Merican inderpen'ence was dependin' on the end, they couldn't stripped out the corn no faster. At both heaps the corn went flying into the middle so fast as to look like the spokes in a spinnin'-wheel, and us as had gathered 'round begin'ed to see 'twould be tight as to who'd win. But I know'd Warren would do his spryest, for he'd been heard to say openly as how he'd be first or lose his bride, and now he was rushing 'round a-directing here and there and urging 'em on so fast as that Partheny Higgins put her thumb out o' j'int trying to break off one o' the big ears, and while she'd run to the house for some o' my arniky, old Aunt Hucky as was standin' by, she got so excited for Warren as that she run in to take her place, but was so overcome-like by the shoutin' o' the leaders and the hustle o' the huskers, as that she didn't git only one ear out and broke that 'un off in the middle. Then all of a sudden they begin'd to cheer over in Ben Casey's ring, for

they'd got their stake well nigh covered, and then someone made a lucky throw and landed 'n ear square on top, but it fell off again, and they set to work faster'n ever.

"It begin'd to look like as if Ben 'ud lead the bride anyhow, for they'd covered more o' their stake 'an as had Warren, but just then some of the girls—as John said it was—throw'd in some ears with the husks a-dangling, and as this was against the rule, Ben he reached up to pull 'em out, but that set the rest o' the ears to slidin', so as that all their shoutin' and screamin' could'nt help it, and nigh half o' the heap slid away. Then 'twas Warren's band as cheered, for some o' the boys o' surest aim had throw'd close in 'round the stake and 'ad hid it clean out o' sight. 'The bride! the bride!' and the shout rang out and echoed agin the hills, but no bride come. 'The bride! the bride!' and they shouted agin, and listened and looked and wondered. Nobody'd seen her since they'd play'd hide-an'-seek, and they thought as how she'd staid hid a purpose. So they turned the stalks over and looked under the husks, but she warn't there; and when they'd searched close along the fence and behind the stumps and didn't find her, we concluded she'd gone on to the house, and I hurried ahead to see, but nothing only the old wood clock stood a-tickin' by 't self in the corner. I called out, and th' clock went tick, tick, and Tim come a-runnin' into the door and mewed. Then it flashed on me as how she may a hid in the edge o' the woods and got lost, so I roused out the men with their lanterns, and when they'd hunted the fields over again, they went deep into the woods and far up on the hills, and I watched the lanterns moving and heard the horns a-blowing just as they did to-day. And when they'd all gone home 'cept them as was searching on the hills, and I'd been 'lone in the house till it seemed as how I'd go mad a thinkin' o' poor Vinnie, suddenly there came a cry, clear and plaintive-like, and I run to the door to listen. Again, way up on the side o' the Elkin hills, I could hear it so sad and pitiful-like, as that my

heart jumped nigh out o' my mouth, for I know'd it was Vinnie. I ketched up a shawl and flew out acrost the pasture, way up into the woods afore I stopped even so much as to catch a breath; then I heard it again, and I called out as loud as ever I could, and run on fast, and when I got a long way up the side, it cried out agin, nearer this time and more wildish-like, then 'twould answer back every time I'd call, till I got so near as that it seemed to die away in a sort o' whining. Then suddenly it stopped and I didn't hear it again.

"I called out to Vinnie and strained my eyes if I could see her, but 'twas dark under the trees, and no one answered and my heart sunk. I searched all 'round, but couldn't find nobody, and then I thought as how I'd hurry back and tell the men as could come with the lanterns. I started back down the hill, but stopped every now and agin to listen and call out, for I thought I heard someone a-walking behind on the dry sticks and leaves. But nobody answered and I hurried on. I came back by the way o' the beaver meadow where they'd been a-huskin'. 'Twas long in the morning-time and the moon was pretty nigh down, but it shined out acrost the clearin' enough as that I could see the corn stalks a-standing together like as if they'd been a huddle o' Injin wigwams, and in the middle o' them the yellow corn gleamed faint-like as if it 'twas their camp-fires goin' out. When I'd got out to where they was, I set down on the stalks to rest a bit. Suddently I heard that crackling noise agin, and I turned about and there, crawling sly over the fence and coming straight at me was a great, fierce catamount. It crep' down very still and stole along behind the stumps, peering out cat-like. Then 'twould stretch up its nose and sniff the air and show its white teeth. I tried to shout, but my blood froze and I couldn't stir. Just then the moon went down, and it got bolder in the dark and crep' on faster. I could see its wild eyes glare like two balls o' fire, and soon 'twas so near as I thought 'twould spring.

But to my su'prise it went straight by, up to the heap o' corn, a-sniffing and scenting the air, and then it went twice 'round the heap, peering in and looking as 'twould find some partic'ler ear; and when it 'ad got just acrost from me it put 's lean nose into the ears and smelled, made a low, snarlin' cry and began to paw the corn. Then suddenly it caught sight o' me and made one terrible spring—I don't know as whether 'twas at me or to put off to the woods, for I swooned away and didn't know no more.

"For days I laid unknowin' even them as found me and fetched me in from the field. All I could see was poor Vinnie, lost off on the hills and torn by the wild beasts as I couldn't help to drive away. But my mind came back at last, and John he was standing by. But I told by his looks as they hadn't found her yet, and he said 'no; but them as was out searching hoped to get some clue o' her yet. Warren,' he said, 'was nigh about crazed; he'd been out day and night, not coming in scarce to take a bite to eat.' And then John said as how he must go out, too, if I'd stay alone. And that night when they'd all gone to the hills, and it grow'd dark, I took an' lit the candles and put 'em in the window for the first time. Many a weary, weary night they burned bright to guide them as was out searchin', till at last they come back for good, and said as 'twas no use, they'd scoured the country over for miles 'round, and she'd never be found. But I couldn't hear to 't, so way long into the winter I'd light the candles and set 'em in the window as how she might chance to see 'em and come back. And so its been, sir, this long, long year. In the fall-time, when the leaves turn red and the corn gits yellow, and I can see the smoke o' Injin summer in the sky, then I know it's the time for Vinnie to come, and so I light the candles agin and set 'em in the windows and watch."

She fixed her eyes on the blazing hearth and sat for a moment musing; then, getting up, went to the open door, and lifting one hand as if to shade her eyes, gazed long and

wistfully at the hills outlined darkly against the sky. There she stood listening, till a gust of wind rustled the vines over the lintel, and she came in and closed the door. Then, going to the candles, she took up the snuffers, trimmed their charred wicks and shoved them a little nearer the window. Out over the darkened valley streamed their quickened light, and whether the moon clouded or the stars grew dim, they shone on, steady and clear, fit emblem of a mother's love!

"There's another little thing as I might tell you about," she continued, sitting down. "It was nigh about ten days after the huskin' was over and they'd give up the search, that John and Warren hitched on to the great cart and drove down into the beaver meadow to haul up the corn. When they'd worked nigh half o' the morning, I went out to the crib to where they's unloadin' and asked what time they'd be ready for dinner. John said as how they'd finished Ben Casey's pile and 'ud begin on Warren's next; so they wheeled about and drove back to the field. But they hadn't been gone long afore I see 'em coming back as fast as they could and bearing something between them. When they came nearer I seen as how it was a young girl. They fetched her right in and laid her down. The corn silk had tangled in her hair, and straight through her breast there was an awful bloody wound. And oh, I can see Warren's face now, and it was all white like a ghost, and his lips was moving, and at last a sound came, faint-like, and he said, 'Vinnie, my Vinnie, I've killed you! I've killed you!' And, poor boy, he warn't in his right mind, for he thought as 'twas my lost Vinnie as they'd found in the heap o' corn where she'd hid when he drove down the bridal-stake—my own lost Vinnie as is wandering on the hills to-night and as 'ull come back to her lone, lone mother, again. And John, too, poor soul, he said as it was our Vin, and I couldn't comfort him though I know'd he war in the wrong—and the suddent shock after the long night watchin'



brought on the fever as he never got over, and afore many weeks was gone 'by they digged another grave down under the white elm. Then the old home got dreary, for John was gone and Vinnie she didn't come back; and Warren, when he'd come down of a morning to bring the fuel and things, he'd say, 'Mother, Vinnie 'ull never come; you'd better go and stay with me.' But I said no, not till Vinnie'd come, then we'd both go, and we'd cut the bridal-cake, too, as I've been a-savin' this long, long time." She went once more to the door and looked out into the night. She had forgotten my presence, for I heard her say mournfully, "Won't you come to-night, Vinnie—for your poor old mother's waited long and she's weary and can't trim the wicks much longer? There, listen!" she broke in suddenly, for her mind was wandering now, "don't you hear the merry huskers down in the beaver meadow? Hark! There's Warren calling to send down some more o' the fall-pippins—and the laughing—and cheering—don't you hear 'em?—and there—there goes the old husking song—

“And here's to the bride and to him by her side;  
Let the silk o' the corn her fair brow adorn,  
And the storm and the blast be as far, far away  
As on this her bridal husking day,  
On this her bridal husking day.”

\* \* \* \* \*

"I awoke and came down very softly. The embers had died away on the hearth, and the old wooden clock had run down and stopped. The candles had burned low in their sockets and gone out. And there, still holding the wick-snuffers, the weary watcher sat. She was asleep. A morning ray had crept in at the window and haloed around the whitened brow. I watched the silent figure a moment, then noiselessly opened the door and passed out. Poor tired heart! All too soon would she waken to her grief again. So I passed out of her world, but often and often



the scene with all its infinite sadness comes before me, and I wonder if there, in the shadow of the Elken Mountains, that solitary figure still sits alone in the darkness, snuffing the candle with weary hand and watching and listening for the lost Vinnie that will never come.

G. H. S.

---

AT THE MASKED BALL.

ON a balcony off the ball-room,  
Half hid by a clinging vine,  
I pledge my silent vis-à-vis  
O'er a seething bottle of wine.  
She lifts the mask's lace fringes,  
The wine she slowly sips,  
And I see, past her jeweled fingers,  
A tremble on her lips.  
There is something almost familiar  
In the shape of that slender hand—  
In the form of those tapering fingers,  
That toy with that ivory fan!  
In the full round turn of throat and arm—  
The curve of that shoulder bare,  
And the way that yellow rose droops down  
O'er the love curls of the hair!

I remember some one wearing  
A rose in the self-same way—  
The last time I saw her was years ago,  
But it seems as 'twere yesterday.  
And that very waltz I remember,  
As I list to the music's throb—  
'Tis Strauss'; I'd danced it with her!  
Was that a sigh or a sob?  
And I turn to the silent figure  
That has never spoken a word,  
And say, in an easy manner,  
Though my heart is strangely stirred—  
"Will you not tell me, lady,  
What makes your eyes gleam so—  
Like stars in the night, half hid from sight,  
'Neath the shade of your domino?"

As she leans o'er the table toward me—  
Ah! the wealth of that odorous hair!  
She repeats some lines from that cynic poet  
Who misjudged us all, Voltaire.  
The maskers pass before us,  
Her voice sounds soft and low,  
And the tones of that voice touch my memory  
As if heard in the long ago.  
I almost fear to remember—  
The very accents seem  
To wake my echoing heart strings,  
As if listened to in a dream!  
I almost half believe I dream,  
For just as I raise my eyes,  
With a question forming upon my lips,  
I give a start of surprise.

With a rustle of silk she had left me,  
And I gaze with a frightened stare  
At that glass of wine she had pledged me in,  
From that opposite empty chair.  
There young Count D'anvers finds me  
And proffers a cigarette,  
With a smile, at the same time saying,  
"Ah! where is La Belle Silvette?  
She was sitting just now, here, with you."  
But I turn and carelessly say,  
In answer, "I'm bored, Count, and going.  
We take, do we not, the same way?"  
And no one we pass but a grim gendarme,  
As the gas lamps, cold and hard,  
In the gray of the morning glimmer faint  
Down the empty Boulevard.

But my very brain seems reeling—  
A sound like the hissing of steam  
Rings in my ears as I murmur aloud,  
"It was not all, then a dream!"  
They told me she'd married a title—  
A noble with wealth untold.  
She had jilted me, thrown me over,  
For the sake of his name and gold!  
I bid farewell to my gay young friend;  
I leave Paris to-day at ten.  
I am tired of life in cities,  
I am tired of women and men.

## THE MUSE OF THE NETTLE-CROWN.

"Ridiculum acri

Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res."

—Horace.

"Mieux est de risque de larmes escripre

Pour ce que rire est le propre de l'homme."

—Rabelais.

THE Satiric Muse is the daughter of the primeval woods. The exact date of her birth is not recorded in either the Annals or the Chronicles of Literary History, for she, like her younger cousins, the Classic Nine, was a child of no great promise in her earlier years. It was only when she had grown into a charming, laughing maiden some centuries later—for the immortals must needs grow slowly—and after men had become enamored of the coy nymph, that any considerable interest began to be felt in her life history.

But men are mortal, *ergo*, their memories are bounded by finite limits, notwithstanding Pythagorean theories. So when they would seek for her age and antecedents, they found them irrecoverably lost in the mists of antiquity. Ask her? Whoever knew a maid of that age that would give any satisfactory answer to such a question?

Modern scientific research, however—for it can do everything—has thrown some little light on the subject. Indeed, it is now well established that she was born during the early days of the human race. M. Lenient says it was as long ago as the "antithesis of day and night," but there must be a little hyperbole lurking somewhere in his statement, for, if Moses' diary is correct, that "antithesis" preceded man's advent. Modern speculation has also conjectured with great plausibility and equal probability that her mother was "Human-faults-and-follies-open-to-correction," and that her father was "Natural-desire-to-act-the-part-of-personal-censor-of-others." This, I think, though I have not found

this opinion expressed by others, fixes the date of her parents' birth.

It was in Paradise, after the fall and before the expulsion, that is, according to the old and, of course, thoroughly reliable Rabbinical legend, between the tenth and eleventh hours of the sixth day of creation. For did not Eve eat the forbidden fruit—whether it was the wheat-ear of the Rabbi Mayer, the grape of the Rabbi Jehuda, the Paradise-apple of the Rabbi Aba or the fig of the Rabbi Josse—and was not this the first of “human faults and follies open to correction?” And if John Milton took correct stenographic notes of the conversation that followed, Adam exhibited something of natural censoriousness.

But we must pass on. Satira, our Muse, was born not long afterwards, for in those days everything was done in a hurry. Her childhood was spent in the wild woodlands, where she conceived that passionate love for the flowers of the white nettle (*Urtica alba*), of which she always wears a crown. A few ages later she became a somewhat ubiquitous maiden, appearing in diverse parts of the world in rapid succession, and she became decidedly roguish and mischievous. She put Momus in Olympus in company with grave old Zeus, and Thersites in the Iliad beside Achilles. She nettled Saul by leading the daughters of Jerusalem in singing through the streets of their city, “Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his tens of thousands,” and egged on Elijah when he stood on Mt. Carmel and mocked the priests of Baal.

At a later date we find her at Athens, where she proscribes Aristides for pure *ennui*, condemns Socrates for piety, elevates Cleon through a whim, makes Cratinus the “people’s lash,” gives boutonnières of her favorite white nettle to some of the writers of the Old Comedy, and carries on a flirtation for some time with a certain Aristophanes, her cousin Thalia’s young man. Ever restless and seeking fresh fields of fun, she quits the classic walks and scholastic

retreats of old Hellas, and removes to Italy's genial clime. Here she finds an untutored people met at the earliest festival of their race for religion and revelry, for church members had not yet learned the art of wearing long faces on such occasions. So after they had offered Tellus his porker, Sylvanus his milk and the Genius his wine and flowers, as Horace doth excellently devise, you might have heard her merry laugh as she set those

*"Agricolæ prisci, fortes parvoque beati,"*

pelting one another with rustic jests and raileries as fresh as the turf beneath their feet.

Some have cast reflections upon her morals at this time because she accepted the term Fescennine for her verses, but others with equal warmth defend her, and give a quite innocent etymology for the term. However that may be, we need not discuss the point, for she will soon discard the name. But it is certain that about this time she lost her temper. For Horace tells how that taunting Fescennine song became transformed into fierce lampoons and libelous scurrility, which had finally to be checked by one of the laws of the twelve tables. This awoke our heroine to the consciousness of the fact that though immortal, she must, while among mortals, mortal laws obey, and so through *formidine fustis* she settled down for some time into a quiet and demure young lady.

About this time she took the name *Satira*. Certain antiquarians of philological lore connect this name in its origin with the *satura lanx*, a plate filled with various kinds of fruit and offered to the gods. This epithet, by easy transition, came to mean merely a medley, and so was applied to a *fabula*, consisting of a medley of vocal and instrumental music and dancing. I have come across one poor fellow who, like Poe's raven,—“nameless here forevermore,”—cannot understand why the feminine form of the adjective *satur* was used. But does he think the men had the

monopoly of Falernian in those days? Then why should she have paraded under a masculine name, like George Eliot or Charles Egbert Craddock? Women in those days did not want to wear the toga, in spite of Xanthippe's example.

She was now old enough to make her *debut* into society, and, of course, she must have a new dress. So she went to Rome and ordered a new costume. This is, probably, why Quintilian boasted, "*Satira quidem tota nostra est*," and Horace described her as "*Græcis intacti carminis*." But she did not take very well in the fashionable circles of Rome, for she could not forbear poking fun at the dandies of Rome, and they, in turn, had not wit enough to admire the courage and common sense of the rustic lass who refused to wear high-heeled shoes, and then they were afraid of that nettle crown.

However, she was not destined long to pine away and waste her sweetness on the desert air. Cato had just returned from Sardinia, and in his train he brought the poet Quintus Ennius. As he was from Rudia, and somewhat *rudis* himself by nature, he was more of her ideal. He, too, was smitten with the charms of the demure country lass. It began to look like an incipient love affair. But he was thirty-five and old enough not to lose his head. Though he was wont to boast of his three hearts, he kept two of them for himself only, and divided the third—his Latin one—between Calliope, Clio, Melpomene and Satira. The last, however, came in for a liberal share, for he wrote six books which he called by her name. She reciprocated this attention by wearing for him the poetic dresses which were his favorites.

But Ennius waxed old and died of the gout—*podagra* they called it in those days—without proposing. Satira, for she really had cared for the man, was considerably sobered at the loss of her favorite. She cast aside much of her girlish giddiness and quietly resolved to live henceforth for a purpose.

While considering just what to do, her attention was directed to the forces of Vice, Falsity, Corruption and Hypocrisy, which were harrying on the fields of Religion, Politics, Literature and Society. She thought it would be a glorious thing to start a Crusade against this quadripartite alliance of the enemies of the human kind. She saw the struggle would be a tremendous one, but she is one of these plucky little women who will die by inches while fighting, if need be. Then she was encouraged by the thought which some dolichocephalous poetaster has since put into verse:

"When a woman will, she will, you may depend on it,  
But when she won't, she won't, and that's an end on it."

So, nothing daunted, the doughty little Amazon took thought for the fray. She decided that the nettle should be her weapon, but she was at a loss how it could be made most effective.

She was taking a walk one morning—for maidens did not lie abed until noon in those days—and, as she turned the corner, Lucilius, "Aurunca's mighty foster son," came driving his prancing steeds that way. He was a young, handsome, manly fellow, who had come to the city, and she had on a crown of fresh white nettle flowers, which set off her blooming countenance and reminded him of his old country home. Little Cupid, Venus' irrepressible son, was hunting at the time. He came flitting by that way, saw his quarry, let fly his golden winged shaft, and—the usual result.

Lucilius was ever faithful to this, his first love, and proved himself of valuable assistance to Satira and her cause. It was his ingenuity that solved the question which had long perplexed her—how to use her nettles most effectively. Together they wrought fine hexameters out of censorious criticism, a material of great structural ductility. They then moulded these into the shape of formidable pieces of ordnance and loaded these with nettles. They found the

discharge thereof produced more frightful havoc in the enemy's camp than that of the heaviest artillery. They constructed thirty of these warlike engines during the lifetime of Lucilius, and he named them after her whose cause they were to aid so nobly.

Flaccus, commonly called Horatius, next found favor in her sight; but she could never induce the jolly bachelor, "high priest of the devotees of *savoir vivre*," to devote himself heart and soul to her cause.

Another Flaccus—Aulus Persius, but no relative of Horatius—next espoused her cause, and they did some effective work with the nettle engines, putting six more of them in the field. But in his successor and superior, D. J. Juvenalis, she again found a lover after her own mind. It was the Flavianic days, and Satira saw her enemies stalking openly through the city in brazen insolence. She and J. put sixteen pieces of far heavier ordnance in the field, and loaded them to the muzzle. The effect must have been terrific. We can almost hear the thunderous, murderous roar, and see the clouds of nettles flying yet, when we examine those old pieces. J. also introduced the innovation of making nettle balls by using a sort of mud as a cement, so that when an enemy was struck by one of these he was pretty well used up. On this account J. has been much abused. But a careful examination of the evidence shows pretty conclusively that, first, this abuse of J. comes entirely from the friends of his enemies, and especially from those of *Dux Hypocrisis*; secondly, that J. was not defiled with the mud he handled; and thirdly, that the exigencies of the moment demanded desperate measures. It was really, as someone has said, a "war like Thor's attack on the serpent Midgard." J.'s courage is worthy of great commendation, and if you have any friends on the opposite side, we would advise you not to go too near to those old pieces even yet, for you may find some stinging nettles still hovering over them.



Martialis, another champion of the same time, used light weapons, but they were exceedingly sharp at times. Luki-anos, of Samosata, a Syrian Greek, next took Satira's eye, while she was in the Orient on a vacation. Hand in hand they ranged a wide field, and loved nothing better than to impale upon their shafts either "some notorious theory or personage of the time."

But during all these years there would be times when the old, unbridled restraint and love of mischief of her childhood days would return for awhile with overpowering force. On one of these occasions, when her Italian friends were sweltering beneath the fierce October sun, she went north for a few week's sport and recreation. Here she set our rude Scandinavian forefathers to lacerating one another with their "nithing-verses." Her stay was short, but she left an influence behind her. On another occasion she was found pitching sacred chickens overboard to see if they would drink when they declined to eat. When Ventidius is made consul from being a muleteer, she gathers her devotees and sings in the streets of the city—

*"Concurrite, omnes augures, aruspices,  
Portentum inusitatum conflatum est recens;  
Nam mulos qui fricabat, consul factus est."*

Cæsar has subjugated Gaul, conquered the world, crushed the Senate and seduced the people. Everything is fettered through fear or admiration, but Satira leads the soldiers in singing behind his car of triumph,

*"Urbani, servate uxores, mœchum calvum adducimus,"*

for she sees the baldness beneath the laurel, the vice that disfigures the greatness.

But interesting as the biography may be, we must take a long stride forward. Let him who wishes to fill the gap read such works as M. Lenient's *La Satire en France au Moyen Age*, and to see her at her best during these long

centuries, let him look for her in the *Pantagruel et Gargantua* of Rabelais, the *Colloquia* of Erasmus, and the superb masterpiece of Cervantes, *The Adventures of Don Quixote de la Manche*.

About five hundred years ago she went out one morning to catch the dew on Malvern Hills and found there the tall, gaunt figure of Long Will, with his long robe and shaven head. She saw at once that he would be a powerful ally, with his straightforward habit of speaking the plain truth. Together they harried on the enemy in the fields of religion, and made forays against them in those of politics and society, and the enemy's hospital staff was kept quite busy with their *Urticaria* patients for some time. Since then she has been wooed by many of the English tongue. Indeed, that language seems to be a favorite of the polyglot nymph. But we must content ourselves with merely naming a few of those who have basked more or less in her smiles, *e. g.*, Butler, Dryden, De Foe, Swift, Steele, Addison, Pope—the most favored of them all—Johnson, Byron, Lamb, Hood, De Quincey, Sydney, Smith, Macaulay, Dickens, Thackeray, Arnold, Swinburne, and our own Hawthorne, Lowell, Holmes and Howells.

Satira is proud of her conquests; what maiden who ever made any is not? But she may well be so, for she has numbered many of the world's brainiest men among her devotees. A list as long and as strong might be named from the Continent. Her history is bound up with that of the human race, and our knowledge of any period is incomplete without a knowledge of her doings in that period. Thus it is said that "Aristophanes is the best commentator one can add to Thucydides;" that "Juvenal explains more than one page of Tacitus." The historian must go to *Piers the Plowman* for London life of the fourteenth century, Rabelais is necessary to understand French life of the sixteenth and Voltaire and Beaumarchais the eighteenth century.

"In one form or another," the immortal nymph has "had a place in all nations and all ages, assuming special prominence at definite literary eras and among particular peoples." She is still in the fresh bloom of youth, for she inherited the gift of everlasting youth with her immortality. She is wanton at times, often mischievous and generally more or less good-humored. She does, we are sorry to say, sometimes, things which are below the proper dignity of a muse, at least, according to our conception thereof.

Sometimes her animus is ridicule and humor. She laughs at the follies and foibles of man, and aims to reform him by appealing to his sense of shame. At such times she never hurls her missiles with intent to kill or even to wound. She "attacks the sin rather than the sinner." It was in this mood that she played with Horace, Cervantes, Moliere, Butler, De Quincey, Thackeray, Holmes and Lowell.

But at other times her animus is invective or rebuke. Sometimes it is a "righteous indignation," when "*difficile est satiram non scribere*," and *facit indignatio versum*. She shows this in company with religious reformers, and such strong characters as Juvenal and Langland. In this field she is often a "veritable Nemesis, an invincible power, enemy of the present and accomplice of the future." But at other times, it is a fit of ill-temper which is sometimes malicious and vindictive, when she runs off into iambics that kill as surely as steel. We find her thus in Boileau, Swift, Byron or Poe. With ruthless cruelty she pillories the object of her hate or malice.

He is not a wise man who, at such a time, will attempt to soothe her by smoothing those fair tresses, for the crown of stinging nettles may inflict mortal pain. Our own advice would be, if you are the weaker, to wait until the storm blows over; but if you are the stronger, pull off your coat, roll up your sleeves and give her what Patrick gave the

drum, and, so, teach her better. For we have seen that the "*formido fustis*" had a salutary effect upon her once.

For when she loses control of her temper and runs off into malice, personal abuse and vituperation, her power for good is negative. But when she is herself, when she is the voice of nature appealing to man's instincts against the old quadripartite alliance with which she swore eternal warfare in the days of Republican Rome, then the Muse of the Nettle Crown may be a great power for good in the land. She has often been the "last resource and the sole vengeance of the weak against the strong," the steady and constant "foe of all tyrannies, feudal, clerical, monarchical and popular," and has "more than once defended the cause of good sense, justice and truth."

As long as human nature remains what it is—that is, until the millennial dawn—the world will be the better for her services. The present age, especially, needs her aid. Corruption, vice and hypocrisy, her old enemies, are rife in the land. Arise, thou Juvenal of the twentieth century, for Satira hath great need of thy caustic pen!

S. GRANT OLIPHANT.

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#### THE DEATH OF RUSTEM.\*

WHAT mortal man dare brave Heaven's bursting storm,  
Or dam with sand the swelling flood of Fate?

Not Rustem, of the long-lined sons of Zal  
The chief—not Rustem, of the lion-heart,  
Rustem, the glory of the gray-haired Zal;  
For Sughad, false of heart and shrewd as false,  
Brother of Rustem, with no brother's love,  
Thus to his liege, Sálím, prince of Kaboul,  
Spake: "Ill beseems it, Sálím, lord of light,  
That Rustem, king of but a puny few,

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\* The outline of this narrative poem is taken from the Shah Nameh, the Persian epic, of Firdausi.

With growing tax, should make thy back to bend  
Beneath his hated yoke ; for thus thy rule,  
Illustrious, grows weak and weaker still."  
Soft on the ear of Sálím fell the words,  
And, nothing loath, he made reply: "Sughad,  
At thee, his slave, fit to be trod upon,  
As well as me, doth Rustem hurl his scorn."

"Come then, since common hate draws tight our hands,"  
Spake Sughad quick, "I have a net whose mesh  
Entraps e'en such a great and cautious fly  
As Rustem. When the cheeks blush with the wine  
Of twenty summers,—at the feast to-night,  
When every ruddy drop is as a goad  
To make one quarrel with his bosom friend,  
Do thou make sport of me, and call me "slave,  
Hated of Rustem and my father's house."  
Then I, in seeming wrath, will rise and go  
To Rustem, and will urge him on to fight  
With thee and thine. Meanwhile, dig seven pits  
Along the hunting-ground twixt Rháb and Khive,  
And let each pit be floored with seven blades,  
Sharp-pointed, bristling, while, with cunning art,  
Each pit is ceiled with sward, to horse's foot  
So soft, that Rurah, Rustem's mare, will tread  
Upon it with a short-lived joy." To this  
Sálím assented with a cunning glance.

Upon that very night, when every lord,  
In glittering robe, stood round, and mirth rose high,  
Up in a clear and smiling sky there rose  
A cloud, that burst upon the head of him  
Who knew and feared it not; for Sálím raged,  
And swore that such an outcast cur, though born  
Of lion's stock, as Sughad was, might seek  
No crumb from him. Then, with a lowering look,  
Sughad stole from the hall, and sped post-haste  
To Rustem, and inflamed his smouldering soul  
To vengeance.

Thereupon, Rustem, in grief,  
A farewell took of Zal, his father old.  
With Sughad and a chosen band,—in strength  
But weak (Sughad vouched Sálím durst oppose  
Not e'en a girlish troop with Rustem chief)  
Before two suns were set, Rustem had crossed  
The Oxus stream.

Dazzling, as does the sun  
In summer, Rustem came and stood before  
Sálím, prince of Kaboul, and Sálím bit  
The dust, and clothed himself in penitence,  
Thus, by his feigned humility, to mould  
And shape the heart of Rustem to his wiles;  
And as a froward child cowers 'neath the glance  
Of a stern father's eye, thus Sálím cowered.  
The father's heart in Rustem melted then,  
A mild, forgiving light shone in his eye,  
And Sughad's guileful heart grew glad when he  
Perceived his soul to pity turned; he, too,  
Agreed to give Sálím the kiss of peace;  
And even did propose,—since they were then  
Caparisoned and horsed,—that, by the chase,  
They celebrate their re-united bond.

So, on this morn in glowing autumn's prime,  
While murmurous zephyrs sport with bright-hued leaves,  
Rustem, of Persian warriors most renowned,  
Mounted on Rurah, rode, unheeding Fate.  
His eye was frank and smiling, like a spring  
Whose every pebble at the bottom gleams;  
But Sughad's eye glanced sideways 'neath its lash.  
Thus rode they, till a halt from Rurah caused  
Rustem to frown and ply the spur, in vain;  
Nor would she budge, till Rustem, waxing wroth,  
Drove deep the spur. Then Rurah, with a bound,  
Frightened and trembling, plunged and fell and sank.  
Clean to her flank she plunged; but, with a spring,  
Terrific, she emerged. And as a ship,  
Upon the wind-lashed sea, rises and falls,  
Tossed in the yawning surge, so Rurah sank  
And rose, and sank and rose again, and yet  
Again; till, near the seventh pit, a sight  
There was, fit to make pity gush from heart  
Of stone: there Rustem lay, of pallid hue,  
Pierced cruelly by the treacherous hidden spear!

Soon as his eyes slow opened to the day,  
Then as a cloud, black-browed and terrible,  
Sweeps lowering o'er the earth and shrouds the land  
In clinging shadows, stealing away the sun,  
So o'er him swept the sudden blight and chill—  
The knowledge of a brother's perfidy—

Quenching in night the last long ray of love.  
And yet his heart died not—that lion heart—  
But, with a ghastly feint of glee, he spake :  
“Sughad, since Fate at last hath willed that I,  
The conqueror of knights till then supreme,  
Should die a woman’s death, but string thy bow  
For me, that, as a seeming scare-crow, I  
May fright away the wolves when I am dead.”  
Sughad, with mocking triumph, strung the bow,  
Then placed it in his eager trembling hand.  
Scarce was it done, when Rustem, like a flame  
That, smouldering, flickering, dying, quick flares up,  
Till all around is lurid with the blaze,  
Up sprang and grasped the bow and drew the string ;  
And like a flash of lightning sped the shaft  
Unerringly to where Sughad had fled,  
Blear-eyed with fear, to shelter of a tree.  
Onward the arrow flew, a lightning flash  
With awful vengeance barbed. The bolt of doom,  
Quivering, struck and pierced both tree and man !  
Then Rustem’s eye waxed bright, and he exclaimed :  
“Rustem, victorious in death, is what  
Thou durst not be through all thy craven life !”  
Straightway his eye grew dim, nor could he see  
The setting sun that threw a parting ray  
To crown his ebon locks and massy brow.  
But for a moment did the ray remain,  
And then the shadows fell, and moaning winds  
The while, were tearing from the boughs the leaves.  
But to their moaning Rustem listed not.

EDWARD W. EVANS, JR.

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CARLO.

NIGHT was falling on the little town of Saint-Ange.  
The last rays of the sinking sun had flooded the  
western sky with gorgeous color, and lightly touching the  
spire of the old ivy-grown church, had left a purple trace  
on the narrow pointed windows and faded behind the dis-  
tant hills. The men in the fields had ceased their work,

and with coats thrown over their shoulders, were making their way home in little groups to their cottages, where the evening meal was waiting them. Across the hillside one could hear the sweet tinkle of the sheep-bells and the frolicsome barking of the shepherd's dog as the flocks were being driven in for the night. Through the open door of the cathedral—for the people of Saint-Ange loved to call it such, though it scarce deserved the name—you could see the dim light of the candles on the simple altar and the snow-white robes of the priest and his little chorister boys as they went about their sacred duties; and you could also see the kneeling figures of the silent worshipers—for the vesper-bell had rung; and even now a few late-comers were hastily crossing the threshold. The soft notes of the hidden organ came floating out on the hushed evening air, and save that and the faint sounds of the chanted vesper prayer, nothing broke in upon the peace that reigned over the place.

In a garden adjoining the smallest of the quaint thatched-roofed cottages, lingered one figure, heedless of his surroundings. He had been leaning over the gate for more than an hour past, not noting the evening bell nor the beauty of the sunset, and though his eyes were fixed on the landscape he saw not its charm. His thoughts were far away, and they must have been sad thoughts, too, for a tear glistened in his eye.

Carlo was an odd fellow, they used to say, yet no one could ever give any definite reason for such an opinion. It is strange how many prejudices we entertain for which we have no firm basis whatever. When we are asked why we think so and so we say, evasively, "Oh! everybody else thinks so!" And so it was in this little town. With the exception of the *curé*, old Pierre, the shoemaker, seemed to be Carlo's only true friend. Nothing pleased the old man better than to sit on the little bench outside his cottage door and, with many a pull at his long pipe and many a



pause to watch the smoke go circling upward, to relate to a stranger in Saint-Ange how he had found Carlo one morning on the doorstep of his cottage, a mere baby, wrapped in a tattered shawl, with nothing to mark or identify him, and how he and his wife—alas! dear soul! she died long ago—and the good shoemaker crossed himself in reverence, *mais Mon Dieu, où en étais-je?*—ah! yes, yes, they found Carlo one morning on the doorstep, and they took him in and reared him as their son; and when he was old enough they sent him to the school—that white building yonder with the belfry—where Pierre Jacques—*vous le connaissez le curé, Pere Jacques, n' est ce pas, Monsieur?*—taught the boys of the place reading, writing, arithmetic and the catechism. And so the old shoemaker would talk on until his pipe was empty or his listener rose to leave.

Carlo had never been a favorite at the parish school. It may have been because he did not join in the sports and games in which the other boys passed their spare hours. He was always made the butt of their ridicule and rancor. He had never forgotten how, one day, a boy named Rudolf, who was always foremost in the persecution, stole his pet white mice and out of spite killed them, showing their skins as trophies of his deed. He remembered how bitterly he had wept at his loss, and as he mused over the rustic gate this autumn evening many other incidents of his childhood came to his mind. But it was not the thoughts of his childhood that brought the tear to his eye or that caused the far-off sad look on his face. The weary days of school life had long since passed away. Nor did the sense of his unpopularity oppress him. What did he care for other people's opinions? There was his work to keep him busy, for he had learned old Pierre's trade, and there were the ever-pleasing walks in the fields or through the woods to amuse him. No; had we been able to look into his heart we should have found this story as the cause we sought:

Gabrielle Mureau was the belle of Saint-Ange, for what town, be it ever so small, does not have its belle? Ever since Carlo could remember he had known her, and even as a boy he had secretly loved her. Nor was he her only admirer, for it would have been hard to find a single pupil in that school of Pere Jacques, who did not declare himself her champion. Many were the battles that took place among those hot-headed lovers on her account. But now she had grown up, and what was once a merry child with sunny curls and laughing eyes was now a tall, graceful woman; and in Carlo's heart the true fire burned this time. It was no boyish fancy; he was in love. Suitors Gabrielle had more than any other girl in the town, but to Carlo it seemed that he was the favored one. Perhaps she saw how others shunned him, and from the kindness of her heart pitied the lonely outcast. Alas for him! he mistook this for something else, and slowly his hope grew. He had not noticed what indeed few others had seen: the flush on her cheek when she was with Carlo's schoolboy enemy, Rudolf. He had not noticed the sparkle in her eyes when, on Saturday evenings, they danced together—for it was and even is to this day the custom in Saint-Ange for the young folks to dance on Saturday evenings, in the summer, while their elders sat around, the women knitting and gossiping, the men smoking and speculating on the farming prospects. Carlo, we say, had not noticed all this, and the days had come and gone and still he hesitated. But at last, one evening not so very long before, as he was taking one of his solitary strolls, he had met Gabrielle in the little path across the fields and had walked back with her. He remembered it well—the beautiful girl beside him, the low thick hedge by which the narrow path ran, the tuneful rustle of the corn that seemed to whisper love, the dark green of the trees beyond, the broad woodland, the rolling meadows and the mountains in the distance now growing blurred and dim in the fading light—yes, he could see it all. There

in the fields, that summer night, he declared his love, and there she quietly told him that her love she had given to another—Rudolf! That was in the summer, and now the last of the autumn leaves were falling and no one knew his secret sorrow.

This was what he was thinking of as he leaned over the garden gate, and this was why he was so sad. Then his mind wandered off again to the huge placards he had seen posted upon the door of the Town Hall, proclaiming that, by order of the Emperor, a conscription was to take place at Saint-Ange in a few days—for it was the beginning of the war and more soldiers were needed—and though it was unpleasant news to most of the young men of the town, yet in his recklessness he even felt glad. He might draw an unlucky number and have to go off to the war. If he were killed in battle, *tant pis*, it would not matter; he would die fighting, at least; and if he survived the campaign, ah! he might perhaps be promoted and even become an officer. But, after all, what would it all amount to without Gabrielle? And at that thought his lip quivered and he hastily brushed his sleeve across his face. It was getting dark now. The purple glow had sunk lower and lower over the hills and only a narrow streak remained. Faintly a few early stars were glistening from the violet dome above. Lights were appearing in the cottages and the people were coming out of the old cathedral. Carlo paused yet a few moments to let the cool evening breeze that rustled the leaves in the tree-tops and bore the sweet scent of mown grass from the meadows fan his fevered brow, and then, abruptly turning away from the gate, he strode up the little path between the fragrant rosebushes and the flower beds, under the low bough of the apple tree where in childhood's days there used to be a swing—old Pierre had made it for him—up to the cottage, raised the latch, entered and closed the door behind him.

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The day for the drawing of the recruits had come and was almost gone; it was evening once more. The appearance of the square in front of the town hall during the day would have led a stranger to imagine that this was a fête day. From early morn till late in the afternoon the square had been thronged with people. From the neighboring farms and the adjoining hamlets, from everywhere around, they had flocked in to the conscription. Tall, strapping laborers in clean blouses, aged farmers hobbling along with the aid of their sticks, accompanied by their wives and rosy-cheeked daughters decked out in all their country finery, and their sons dressed in best clothes, with the gayest of silk handkerchiefs. The townsfolk, of course, had turned out to a man. The shops and stores were closed, and everyone had joined the throng. A band of music helped to keep up the semblance of gaiety.

The drawing had taken place. It was a sight never to be forgotten to see the faces of those sturdy young men as they came out of the hall. All went in bravely enough, and some came out joyfully running down the steps and waving triumphantly the little card-board slips on which were printed the lucky even numbers they had drawn, and these hastened to tell the good news to their friends who were anxiously waiting for them. Others came out slowly and with downcast eyes, and painful were their meetings with their friends. Here was an aged mother shedding bitter tears over the fate of her only boy, who was trying to comfort her, saying he would be sure to come back; here it was a father with snowy head and bent shoulders in vain trying to hide his emotion; and there it was a maiden weeping for her lover. Some few of the men having the dreaded odd numbers came down smiling, looking straight before them and attempting to appear indifferent, but very few could maintain the false indifference after they had mingled with the crowd below. Ah! war is a cruel thing indeed! But the conscription was all over now. Each man's fate had

been decided. This was the last evening that many of those brave young fellows were to spend in the town where they had lived all their lives, for the conscripts had orders to leave next day for C—, where the recruits from all the surrounding parts were to meet and receive hasty instruction in the art of warfare. The square was now deserted. The people had all gone their several ways, and sorrow was in many homes that night. Many a tear was shed, and many a silent prayer was offered for a son, a brother, and, perchance a lover, who was to leave Saint-Ange on the morrow to fight for his country.

Carlo bravely put his hand into the urn and his fingers closed on one of the slips, but he dropped it and drew another. He hardly dared look at it, but the officer standing by the table immediately cried out in a loud voice, "21," and the mayor's quill pen scratched along as he wrote down the name. Carlo was a conscript. His brain reeled for a moment and he felt a lump rising in his throat. Already he saw himself on the battle-field; he saw the enemy, the guns, the smoke, the wounded, the dead, and heard the rattle of the musketry and the sharp commands of the officers. He was a conscript.

Recovering himself with an effort, he turned about and went down the stairs out into the fresh air. His courage had left him now. He would have given worlds to exchange his odd number for an even. And as he gazed over the crowded square, and his eye rested on the familiar places, and as he saw the woods and fields beyond, he felt for the first time what a pang it would cause to leave them.

As he stood musing apart from the crowd, he saw Rudolf come out, pale as death—he, too, had drawn an odd number; and Carlo even felt somewhat sorry for his rival, because he knew the tidings would be sad to Gabrielle.

Very early next morning they formed in the square, the roll was called, arms were distributed and last farewells were said. Old Pierre was the only one who stood by

Carlo. The poor old man was overcome with emotion, and putting his arms around his neck, embraced him as the tears trickled down the furrows in his cheeks. Then a cheer—a shout of “Vive l’Empereur!”—and the first detachment was off! But just as they left the square someone touched Carlo’s arm, and looking round he saw Gabrielle. “Adieu, Carlo!” and somewhat timidly she held out her hand. He grasped it silently. One look, and they moved on. Rudolf was in the next detachment, which was to leave a little later.

Steadily they turned the corner, the tramp, tramp of their feet and the roll of the drums, sounding loud on the loosely-paved street. Then slowly up the hillside they went, along the dusty road, where often they had played as children. As they reached the height, each man turned and took one long farewell look at the dear old town, with its ivy-covered church and its zig-zag streets, its thatch roof with slate ones here and there, its red tile chimneys, its trees and gardens, and each man looked once at the special spot of which he had the tenderest recollections, and then glanced down at the square, where the people were still standing, waving their handkerchiefs. Then resolutely they turned about, went over the ridge, down on the other side, and faced the future.

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The enemy had been met on the outskirts of the forest. It had been a hard fight—the conscripts’ first battle—but the Germans at length had been beaten back, though there was many a gap in the French ranks, and Carlo was one of the fallen.

When he came to himself again, he wondered at first where he was, but the sight of the motionless, bleeding bodies dotting the field about him reminded him of the hideous reality. There was a terrible pain in his breast, and as he saw his thick coat was stained with blood, instinctively he knew that he was severely wounded. Leaning back against a stump, he tried to ease his position. The

pain grew worse and worse, and now it was so cold—so cold!

Then far away in the distance it seemed he heard the boom of the guns and the faint shouts of the soldiers; and then he thought he was at home once more; he heard the tinkling sheep-bells on the hillside at Saint-Ange, and the vespers ringing from the old cathedral. He could see the women going to evening mass, and hear them praying for the absent ones, and as he passed by he saw the *curé* and Pierre. The dear old man looked a little grayer now. Then he came to the little garden he knew so well—it was just the same—the old gate, the rose bushes, the bough of the apple tree; and now he was strolling along the narrow path across the russet fields—there was the low hedge and yonder the dark trees, and the rolling meadows fading in the distance. Then suddenly he saw a figure in white coming towards him. He seemed to recognize it. Where had he seen it before? It came nearer and nearer—no—yes—yes it was— Just then a deep groan called him from his dream, making him start and open his eyes. With an effort he turned half round to see whence the sound came.

The movement sent a twinge of pain through him and the wound in his breast began to bleed afresh. A soldier lay quite near him. He was evidently in great pain, for he groaned again, and Carlo heard him moan piteously for water. At that moment the sufferer turned his head and Carlo saw—*Rudolf!* What could he do for him? And why should he help him at all? Rudolf had never said a kind word to him in his life; he had always hated him, and carelessly Carlo looked down at himself and then caught sight of a soldier's spirit-flask lying near the stump. With trembling hands, for he was getting weaker and weaker, he leaned over, and, picking up the bottle, shook it to see how much there was in it. Very little, barely two or three mouthfuls. His first impulse was to put it to his



lips and swallow the whole of the contents. The temptation was strong, but a voice whispered, "No, no, let *him* have it; he has Gabrielle to live for, and you have no one. Forgive, forgive!" For a moment he wavered. Yes, it was too true; Rudolf had Gabrielle, while *he* had nothing. So, painfully and slowly, he dragged himself over to his wounded comrade, and, half-kneeling, half-crouching beside him, steadily poured the entire contents down his throat, faintly whispering, "*Pour elle!*" Then it seemed as though the silvery tinkle of the sheep-bells came stealing over the battle-field once more, bringing peace with their music; and then a mist rose up before his eyes, and he fancied he saw a sweet face smiling at him, a face he had loved so well, while a voice murmured, "*Merci!*" Suddenly it all grew dark, the flask fell from his nerveless fingers and he sank down at Rudolf's side. Later in the day, when the twilight shadows began to fall, the ambulance wagons came to pick up the wounded, and side by side they found these two—the hero and the man he had saved. They left one where he lay, but Rudolf they took with them.

V. LANSING COLLINS.

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*Τηρησεις.*

We live in prisons—we can touch  
The bars; they are so low  
We cannot see the path we tread  
An hour before we go.  
A look, a sigh, a whispered word—  
A struggle fierce and slow—  
A closing down of eyelids pale,  
And this is all we know.

—GEORGE P. WHEELER



## CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

SOME one has remarked about scientists that they would "demonstrate filial love on the blackboard" if it were possible. Darwin, despite his amiable disposition, seems sometimes to have gotten the crayon between his fingers. In his latter years he is said to have regretted that the music and painting that once delighted him had now lost all their charm. This noted confession is known to have frightened some of his friends, who would have aspired to a more intimate knowledge of science themselves, had they not loved their æsthetical accomplishments too dearly to have in any wise endangered their existence. We cannot admire such on their knowledge of the compatibility of things.

How entirely dispassionate Darwin could be in carrying on his investigations is seen in his work on the "Expression of Emotion." "I observed," he says, "that though my infants started at sudden sounds, when under a fortnight old, they certainly did not always wink their eyes." He subjected members of his own family to biological experiments with as little apparent concern as if they were not yet out of catdom or monkey-kingdom. Notice the laboratory twang in this remark: "I shook a pasteboard box close before the eyes of one of my infants when 114 days old, and it did not in the least wink." Connected with such experiments as: "a stuffed snake thrown into the monkey house caused several species to bristle;" "a cassowary erected its feathers at sight of an ant-eater;" and, "I placed a looking-glass on the floor before two young oranges," who proceed to cut up their usual monkey shines; and then "I asked one of my boys to shout as loud as he possibly could, and as soon as he began he firmly contracted his obicular muscles."

The great naturalist may thus have gained a wide induction to prove his point, but it occurs to us that it would take many hours' study of the classics to counteract the dehumanizing effects.

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**A**N ALUMNUS of the college, at a late social gathering, expressed the desire that the students might look upon the periodicals of the college from the same standpoint as a graduate, and stated for himself that he had only lately come to realize the importance of these expressions of college thought and opinion.

The wish was a timely one. If we may judge from the editorial comments and the tables of contents, there has been a growing difficulty of late years in obtaining anything like that general and faithful support which the importance and value of these periodicals merit.

It may be said that our professors are crowding the students with so much work, especially if they are seeking general or special honors, that they have little time for thought beyond the demands of the class-room. And as to the college press, it may be said, also, that the exactions of the English Department in the way of essays and orations, the regular work of the literary societies, and the competition for the increasing number of college and Hall prizes, absorb fully the little time that can be gained for literary composition.

If true, this is to be regretted. The best minds of the college should unquestionably support our periodicals if they are to exist at all. And the contributions offered should be given not only with a view to possible succession to the editorship, but also in loyalty to the institution. A great deal is said and written as to the duty of the students to support college athletics, and strong pressure is brought to bear in order to secure the active interest of those who

might prove candidates for positions on our various teams. With this spirit we are in full sympathy; but we think the *esprit du corps* of the college should also lead those who are gifted in writing to enter as heartily into the work of sustaining the reputation of Princeton's periodicals as it leads others who are physically endowed to strive for her honor on the athletic field. We are confident, if the importance of this matter were kept in mind, the result could be accomplished not only without the sacrifice of college honor or class position, but with actual advantage to the students interested.

In keeping with the spirit of this communication we have reviewed the record of the editorial control of the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE and *The Princetonian*, as given in the *Bric-à-Brac*. How largely the best men have given of their time and thought to these interests is seen when we notice that of the one hundred and two LIT. editors, sixty-six, or sixty-five per cent. of the whole, were honor men in their respective classes, while of the remainder, a large number distinguished themselves in the English Department. But when we come to compare the first half of the period with the latter half, the call for such an article as this becomes apparent, since, during the first half, sixty-nine per cent. of the editors were honor men, while of the latter half, sixty-three per cent. came within that category. The record of *The Princetonian* shows, for the same period, forty-four per cent. of the Senior editors were honor men, while in the earlier half of the period forty-nine per cent. received Commencement honors, as against only thirty-eight in the latter half.

No invidious distinction is designed by these figures. Their force lies in the simple fact that, as a rule, honor men are distinguished in the English as well as in other departments. When we add to what has been said that class pride should join hands with college loyalty in the support and management of the college press, we think that it is clear

that all students who have any taste or skill for literary productions, should feel themselves bound to do their part in upholding and advancing that high name which has been cheerfully accorded to the periodicals of Princeton College.—*M.*

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PERHAPS the greater part of student literature might be said to illustrate the title, "Habits of Composition;" for it is true that the average student writes unconscious of any very well-established method. Indeed he may be said to have had such a brief experience that even his best efforts reach but a tentative standard, revealing more the hesitancy of an amateur than the conscious planning of a perfected writer. And if he be unaware of this fact himself, if he lack the self-critical faculty of viewing his own compositions from an objective standpoint, then it is pretty certain that he writes solely from habit and not from any definite forethought. Indeed, the best test of progress for a young writer, as well as the best proof that he does not write from habit merely, is the shame-facedness with which he is able to view one of his earlier compositions. For, like an apprentice, his last work should reveal the skill acquired in previous effort.

In general we may mention three popular ways of writing that are conspicuous in most college productions. The increment theory, if not the most popular is the most pernicious. It works after the pattern of strata, the last layer of which need bear no relation to the preceding in either color or substance. Like a game of checkers, it may be played at occasionally, in the meantime allowing the board to be put away and gather dust; all planning is unadvisable, since moves are too contingent upon circumstances to allow of much pre-arrangement. Progress, then, always comes after the analogy of the schoolboy at his multiplication

table,—he must go back and review, thereby catching an impetus from the whole ascending series before venturing an advance.

A second manner of writing may be called the inspirational—not of the plenary sort, however. Like the priestess of Apollo, here the writer sits long on the tripod, awaiting the ecstatic moment. It is generally expected the night before essays are due,—and we are not so sure but that it infrequently comes. At any rate there is much that can be said in favor of this manner of writing, especially over the one just mentioned. Many celebrated writers have encouraged it. Baily says of Keats that he composed his "Endymion" "apparently with as much ease as he wrote his letters;" and indeed Keats was here acting up to his own principle "that, if poetry comes not as naturally as the leaves of a tree, it had better not come at all." But the fact is that for anyone less than a genius, spontaneous productions are apt to resemble the leaves of the trees in but one very obvious respect.

There remains but one other theory of writing that has any considerable recognition, and we think justly so. Addison said, "Before I set pen to paper, I have the whole scheme of the discussion in mind." The one serious difficulty here involved is that the production is apt to seem factitious rather than natural—to smell of the oil. But this artificial tendency can be entirely overcome by holding the contemplated subject long enough in mind. Literary frameworks are put together slowly if they be natural and strong. Story plots, essay outlines and oratorical climaxes are not perfected at one sitting; and the great advantage of working them up before they are needed is that from the common incident of student life, an abundance of pertinent illustration will naturally gather around the embryonic theme. A half dozen subjects are thus not too many for one to hold in anticipation at once, since the wider their variety the more advantageously can the matter of private and class-room readings be turned to literary account.

PRINCETON'S literary societies occupy a unique position in the college world. In other institutions the Greek letter fraternities have either banished them entirely or reduced their influence to a minimum; and even among ourselves there are those who do not accept the privileges offered them, preferring to devote their whole energies to curriculum pursuits, and not realizing what an important supplement to these pursuits they are passing by unnoticed.

In the college course a man's work is more or less of the routine order; the memory plays a large part in mastering the different branches of study, and especially the forensic powers are not often called into action. Thus arises the criticism so often directed against university graduates, that in active life, where men must think and act for themselves, where nothing is laid down in text-books, they fail to keep pace with some others who have not enjoyed even one-half their advantages.

To guard against this possible misfortune our Halls were organized, and their thorough training in oratory and debate gives their members ample opportunity to put into practice the knowledge acquired in the class-room.

No matter what profession or business one expects to enter, the habits of logical thinking and clear expression of thought, engendered by constant practice in speaking and writing, will be an invaluable aid to success; and the success of any two individuals, equal in other respects, will be conditioned by their possession or non-possession of these habits.—J. G. W.

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THE constantly increasing numbers of the incoming classes make it extremely difficult for a Freshman to gather reliable information about the various departments of college life. Besides there are many things the newcomer would like to know, and, indeed, he ought to know;

but innate timidity and a fear of exposing his ignorance keep him from consulting an upper classman. This gives rise to an ever-growing demand for a suitable little handbook which shall embody in concise form the historical facts About Princeton—the Halls, the athletic associations, the College publications and the various buildings.

A plain statement of the object and records of each Hall would eradicate one of the worst evils of campaigning—misrepresentation—and would save an immense amount of time for the neophyte.

In the arena of athletics many men would be brought out for team work and financial support if the heads of the several associations would state their claims upon the undergraduates, and the benefits they offer to their members.

The book should contain a general idea of the contents of the museum; of the library, with a detail of the procedure of "taking out" books; the chapel services with compulsory attendance, and Murray Hall.

The cost of publication could be greatly reduced by publishing the advertisements of the town merchants, in a sort of business directory, as a supplementary part.

Besides fulfilling the above aim, such a pamphlet would serve as a pleasant souvenir to the many visitors who annually come to Princeton, and would thus be a means of scattering knowledge about Princeton in the various sections of the country to which they would be taken.—*C. I. T.*



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## EDITORIALS.

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**T**HE LIT. Board takes pleasure in announcing the unanimous election of Mr. George B. Agnew to its treasurer-ship.

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**W**E WISH to recommend very strongly to our readers the advertisements that accompany this volume. They represent a large variety of articles very necessary to the college community. Having selected them with the greatest care, we feel quite warranted in thus urging those who are about to purchase to consult the index placed at the beginning of the magazine, which will enable them to turn easily to any firm whose specific line of goods they desire. It is but just and compatible with the spirit and custom recognized among us, that the college world should bestow its patronage upon those who by their advertisements in the periodicals of the institution indicate their interest in these publications and in the college itself. One word, we believe, is sufficient to bring this matter in an impartial light before the students and their friends.

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### OUR GREETING.

**W**ITH many hopes and anticipations the present editors have taken under their care for the ensuing year the literary interests of undergraduate Princeton. As each succeeding Board assumes the management of the magazine to which they have been heretofore only contributors, there



comes to them a natural desire to distinguish their particular administration. We shall not attempt anything radical, however, but will cling to the old, tried traditions which have grown up under the successful management of nearly fifty Boards.

The only change we have made is in regard to the "Voices." This department is a survival of the days when there was no *Princetonian*. Since the establishment of our contemporary at the other end of Reunion, its "front page" has very properly assumed the function of representing public sentiment on the ordinary questions of the campus, while the LIT. has devoted itself more exclusively to literary work. It seemed to the present Board that nearly all the LIT. has to say on general college matters might find room in the editorial pages. It seemed, too, that there should be some department for short contributions of a literary character. There are many aspects of student life that can be written up gracefully, and many out-of-the-way bits of literary history that would interest everybody. The title "Voices" did not appear broad enough to include such contributions, and we have therefore changed the department to the "Contributors' Club." As will be seen by the present number, it is not the intention to make any sudden change, but we hope that during the year our contributors will help us to make their "Club" the first part of the magazine to which our readers will turn.

Before going further, we wish to say a word about the position of the LIT., which is perhaps unnecessary. It does not stand before the college as in any sense a private or personal enterprise. It is simply the literary organ of Princeton, and, as such, has the right to ask the cordial support of every loyal son of Nassau Hall. It is professedly the work of amateurs, and should not be judged by the same standards as publications of higher pretensions. On our part, we can only say that we appreciate the responsi-

bility of our position, and will endeavor to maintain that standard which has made the NASSAU LIT. the acknowledged leader among college literary magazines.

And still we have not pronounced our salutatory. Another Board has left forever the well-known, oft-frequented sanctum and yielded the well-worn editorial pens to their successors. To the members of the retiring Board we extend a hearty farewell. It is hard to take up the work after a year so eminently successful, and yet the past good management left everything running so smoothly that the transfer has been made without any friction. Our deepest gratitude and kindest feelings follow their departure.

We bring to you now the opening number of our semi-centennial year. If you fail at first reading to observe bright promise for the coming year, we beg your kind indulgence for this initial number.

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#### PRIZES.

THE BOARD have decided to offer the following prizes, which may be contested for by any undergraduate of the college:

First—A prize of fifteen dollars, for an essay, to appear in the June number; notice of which has already been posted.

Second—A translation prize of ten dollars, for the best translation of a short story from the French or German, to appear in the November number. We do not wish anything longer than the ordinary LIT. story. The award will be based on the accuracy and smoothness of the translation.

Third—A prize of fifteen dollars, for a story, to appear in the December number.

Fourth—A prize of ten dollars, for a sketch, to appear in the February number.

Fifth—A prize of ten dollars, for the best three short poems published during the year from one contributor; to be announced in the April number.

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#### THE COLLEGE MAN IN POLITICS.

WE DO not mean that college men should become politicians. Anyone who has an inclination to such a career will follow it without urging. But there is a political responsibility which we all have, and which should not be shirked. When one remembers that just about one-half of one per cent. of the young men of the country receive a collegiate education, and considers the influence which their education gives, the use which is made of it becomes an important question. American patriotism is peculiar. Most of us are patriots enough to shoulder a rifle and march against an invader should one appear, or to risk our lives to suppress an uprising of anarchists, but less than that we will not do. This is a country of great ideas, and nowhere is it better shown than here. The amount of patriotism required to take an intelligent interest in political affairs and do what one can for pure government in his community is beyond most of our educated citizens. One has no time, another thinks the government is getting on well enough, a third never did take any interest in politics, and so it goes.

Now we are getting to be a big nation, and we have to be governed by somebody. The control of our politics puts a vast amount of power somewhere, and the question is, Where? The recent revelations in New York are a good answer. It is time, too, that the growing power of the Jesuits in our politics should be recognized. Let anyone who thinks this fanciful remember their history, and recall

the actual evidence which has recently been brought out. The formation of different organizations for the purpose of consolidating the scattered patriotism and making it effective, shows that many are beginning to realize the need of the times, and in this revival of the true spirit of Americanism the college man should take his place as a leader.

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#### A WORD TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

THE new Board desires first of all to be on familiar terms with its contributors. We wish to see a stronger literary feeling developed in college, so that men who have tastes in this direction may enjoy the stimulus of a congenial atmosphere. Anyone who has attempted to write knows how important such a stimulus is. Now, the only way to get it is for the literary men to become better acquainted. There is nothing so suggestive and helpful as the interchange of ideas about our common work, and there is no reason why there may not be a class of men here who, by working together, shall give "literary Princeton" a standing and a recognition worthy of the growing University. The LIT. rooms ought to be the center for this. A man often drops a contribution into the box at 1 N. R., and, after watching in vain for its appearance, becomes discouraged and gives the whole thing up. We find in our desks many rejected MSS. of much real merit. Some of them are kept from press by a little crudeness in style or development which might easily be remedied, and others are not exactly the kind of matter desired. Here is where the advantage of familiar intercourse comes in. A little candid and friendly criticism would often enable a man to change his productions so that we would be glad to publish them. Drop in and talk the matter over with us or with any one of the editors. If you don't know us personally, no matter, we

shall be glad to see you. Just introduce yourself as one who wishes to write for the LIT. and you will receive a cordial welcome. A little chat on matters connected with the MAGAZINE will do us both good.

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A word about essays. Don't try to make them too profound or learned. What we want is an essay that will interest our readers. Don't take too big a theme; get a subject that is really good, or some interesting fact or incident connected with literary history or a literary man, and work it up in an easy, graceful way. We do not mean to urge an attempt at humor, but in deciding what shall appear, we will be apt to give the preference to something entertaining.

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All that we have said applies to every undergraduate in college. Members of the Freshman Class sometimes think that their compositions will not be acceptable, and do not start to write until the following year. This is a great mistake. Nearly every member of the present Board began writing in his Freshman year, and the men in Ninety-three who have LIT. aspirations will do well to begin now. The training will be found invaluable when they come to the active competition of Junior year.

## GOSSIP.

Now Time throws off his cloak again  
 Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain,  
 And clothes him in the embroidery  
 Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.  
 With beast and bird the forest rings,  
 Each in his jargon cries or sings;  
 And Time throws off his cloak again  
 Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain.

—*Wm. H. Longfellow, from the French.*

VALE Heims! Ave! Juventa—Hail spring, the happiest time of the year, to the college man the most welcome of all. This is the time in which we seem to enjoy the ever passing moment, and hope, at least, to be thankful for what the future may bring forth. For the past eleven days the sun has been out bright and clear, and "smiling spring" deserves her name. By the way, how much some peoples' happiness depends upon the weather; we see men who are perpetual barometers; when the sky is bright they forget everything, even debts, in the simple joy of being alive; when it is changeable, the wind seems to be blowing from the east with them also—they cannot be happy, or they do not wish to appear so; a stretch of bad weather and they are hypochondriacs. They enter your room, and sit down with the water dripping from their rubber coats into the hollows of your best easy chair, and their remarks on the state of their health and the weather are "frequent, painful and free;" they are gregarious, restless, and seldom seen with books. Happy the man who, ensconced in his chair before the fire, can enjoy, in the pauses of his reading, the drive of the rain against the window, and forget the draught that blows down the cold, damp entry and under the crack of his door; if it bothers him, he puts on an old hat, tosses a rug against the sill and is once more wandering with his author "fancy free." What pleasant day-dreams those are which flow through the mind like a stream, turned from one direction to another by the ideas which your book suggests, "as boulders turn the brook." Ah! how time flies now. It will not be long when you will sit, perhaps, before the fire again, more sensible to draughts than formerly; your finger marks the place, your mind is busy with the past, your brow may be furrowed by time, care or sorrow, yet the old-time thoughts are with you, suggested, perhaps, by the ashes in the grate. To youth, the future; to old age, the past. What a pleasure it is to be in sympathy with others, for then they are in sympathy with us, even if we only know them by their books—what greater pleasure can we have? True, they

may have lived, toiled, suffered and died a hundred years before we first drew breath, but still they seem alive to us—are sometimes with us when we are alone. The other day I was reading the journal of Marie Bashkirtseff. What a struggle for expression this strange woman, cynic, poet, artist, child, has given us. We cannot write our soul. We can show our mind and thoughts, our lives; but our inner self—how can we show it by means of written words? Who was it said, that "He who could express his every feeling was a mere creature of language?" The great painters approach the nearest to expression of this "self." That upward glancing of Mary of Murillo makes us feel it; it grows upon us; it conveys what writing never can.

What a charming book the "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow" is, by Jerome K. Jerome. It is just what the title claims, "a book for an idle holiday." There is plenty of food for thought in it, however, and his soliloquies are very human. Many young men, if they ever met the author, could say, "Mr. Jerome, I have done that very thing; I have thought this also, and felt all this besides." He has one essay "On being hard up," which says, "At present I am very hard up." Many are your sympathizers, Mr. Jerome. Ah! that poor chap who walks all over the campus to get a glimpse of the clock on Old North (this after a futile prob with the forefinger in the vest pocket), you can understand his position, for you say, "How hard it is to have to depend on public houses and churches for the time of day." It is, indeed, Mr. Jerome. We also agree with you when you say, "True art in pawning comes from practice, not from chance" (at least I have a friend who assures me that this is absolutely so). Jerome, who has been an actor on the English stage, has seen the world from both sides of the footlights. One minute you are watching with him at the pantomime, seeing the gilt as gold, those graceful fairies with golden hair who dance about the stage so lightly, looking, as he says, "too happy for anything;" one would think they knew no cares of earth, or sorrow; that their mission is to be happy, look pretty and dance. But then he takes us behind the scenes. He shows us after all, that the guilt is guilt—and tarnished at that—the fairies are little boys and girls, human and hungry too, sometimes; and the pathos of it all as he often shows it. When we look, how common the pathetic is. One meets it every day in almost any street of New York or any large city of the world. We do not always notice it. Indeed, perhaps we do not want to, but pass on as if everybody was happy and entirely uninteresting. That little newsboy, with his bundle of soaked papers, cowering next to that ash barrel under the elevated steps, crawls out and meets you under the flickering gaslight. He has been "stuck all dese papers," he says, but you, under your umbrella, with the prospect of a supper and dry warm slippers, hurry on; you say, "Nonsense, all old papers," and flatter yourself that you are "up to all the dodges of these little rascals." But you cannot get that cold, pinched little face out of your mind, you



noticed how the rain in great drops hurtled by the corner lights and dripped from the great trestles over head. So you turn, meet him again, and his cold little hand, like the paw of an animal, takes the coin from your gloved palm. Yes, give them all the benefit of the doubt, and your supper will be all the better for it. Talking of suppers, how good the first meals at home taste after a long siege at a Princeton eating club. Your family must think that you, like the Thespian of the story, "never eat" while you are away. Now, I do not wish to breathe a word against our dear, devoted landladies—they have to endure enough—but you know that it is a very rash thing for them to serve an unusually good meal; they will lose on it every time they attempt it, for you unconsciously eat enough to make up for three succeeding bad ones. When at home perhaps this habit pursues you. Now, an economic landlady strikes a good even line of mediocrity in the diet (after the first week), and when you get home force of habit again makes you eat more at first, for (unconsciously) you fear it is too good to last. Your family notice this, perhaps you don't, and I only offer this in the common defence. What marvelous steaks I have seen issue from the club kitchen, fat steaks, lean steaks, tired steaks—pounded until the tissue is destroyed but still tough—and apologetic steaks; steaks that seem to say, "Beware of me," or if you are of a "curious temper" like Joseph Surface's neighbor, "test me" not "taste me," the latter is rare—no joke intended. But when, on one of the landlady's rash days, you find before you an inviting, *tender* juicy bit, done to the turn, you feel as uncomfortable as if some one had paid you a laborious compliment and you think, "What have I done to deserve all this?" The waiter usually gets all the credit, and the next day when he asks you to "lend" him a quarter or buy a ticket to a colored oyster festival, for the benefit of the A. M. E. Church, you haven't the heart to refuse him. Merideth says, "We may live without learning, we may live without books, but show me the man that can live without cooks." True.

I started to say something about Spring, when I first took up my pen, but what has not been said, sung and written a hundred times about the "fairest season of the year?" "For now puts forth the budding leaf of Spring"—Shakespeare said that, and every poet and writer has said it since, over and over again. Lowell says that "We make one leap from April into June;" but it is a leap that takes thirty-one days, and we enjoy the sensation and call it May. She is a lovely maid, this May; it is most unkind to compare her to a leap, or to pass her by without a recognition; be sure she will return it with a smile, half hid by her tears, perhaps, but still a sunny smile. I am in love with May; have been ever since I was old enough to climb the old stone-wall and gather the violets and her namesake flowers that nestled there in the sun; I shall always love her, and though I grow old and bent, and in the way, she will always be the same to me.



I cannot close without saying something about the severance of ties that must occur so shortly, when our Seniors leave us. Many friends will part when "Ninety" leaves college. Many familiar and loved faces will be missed upon the campus, for the University spirit is so growing that petty feelings and those small distinctions are overcome in the last year of college life, and when *we* are the "grave and reverend" they may come back and feel at home. "God speed ye, merry gentlemen, wherever ye may go." May you be all successful and happy, and be liberal subscribers to our alumni fund. Mizpah!

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Fashion—a word which knaves and fools may use  
Their knavery and folly to excuse."

"New customs,  
Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are fol'ow'd."

"We laugh heartily to see a whole flock of sheep jump because one did so; might not one imagine that superior beings do the same by us, and for exactly the same reason?"

**F**ASHION plays a leading part on every stage of life. When we think of fashion we are wont to associate it with the material side of our existence, particularly with the things of dress. A new style comes from somewhere across the sea, it is supposed to have the sanction of the Prince of Wales, and we must needs all bow down and worship it. It may be irksome to a man of thought and independence to be compelled to conform to the constant changes in the fashions of dress, but there is no alternative. Unless, indeed, he is a poet or an artist, in whom vagaries of attire seem to be expected.

Did you ever think to what extent the intangible, but very real, thing called Fashion holds sway in the intellectual sphere also? In music, in philosophy, in art, and in literature, there is always some master or thinker whom it is "just the thing" to follow. It is very natural in this age of periodicals that the magazines should follow the literary fashion. As a matter of fact, they often set the fashion. Let Rider Haggard or Amélie Rives be the novelist of the hour, and the question "Have you read 'She'?" or, "What do you think of 'The Quick or the Dead'?" is heard on the street, in the railway car and in the drawing-room, and the merit of the author is discussed by editor and essayist in every periodical. Is Browning the craze? Then we have the Browning cult preached by innumerable Browning Clubs, and the deep words of a great poet become a jargon in the mouths of the followers of a fashion. A while ago the whole English-speaking world was agog over a 700-page theological novel; a fierce battle was waged in reviews on both sides of the sea; even a Gladstone and a McCosh took part in the controversy. At last the book came to be given away with a bar of soap, and Robert Elsmere died. Do you remember all the talk and all the writing about Robert Louis Stevenson not so very long ago? Then Mr. Bellamy's new "Utopia," which had been published without attracting much attention, suddenly leaped into the arena and challenged the thinkers to do battle for or against the new economy. And how the battle has been fought! For

awhile we were all of us about half Socialists. Now we're relapsing into our old science of selfishness. A few months ago someone translated the Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff, and the mail is still bringing us exchanges with sentimental effusions upon that mirror of an abnormally emotional mind. Poor girl! it seems to me that it is the sad fate of the young artist-author, and not any intrinsic merit, that has given the book such a wide reading. Just at present the literary amateurs, and some, too, that are not amateurs, are discussing the dramas of Henrik Ibsen, a realist resembling Zola rather than Howells. The "Doll's House" and the rest have not invaded the college magazines yet, and we hope that we may escape this last plague. So the triumphal car of Literary Fashion rolls on, and most of us go chained to its wheels. You are wondering what the purpose of all this talk is. Well, just this. We want to emphasize the duty of the student of literature to be a student of something more than the ephemeral. While it will do him no harm to be able to talk about the current literary fad to people who like that sort of thing, it is of much more value to have a critical knowledge of standard authors.

The May number of the *Magazine of Art* will be highly prized by all lovers of Browning. W. M. Rossetti begins a series of papers on the "Portraits of Robert Browning," and his long acquaintance with the poet enables him to write faithfully. Five portraits illustrate different periods of Browning's life, but the one by Talfourd, made in 1859, is the only one that approaches our ideal of the master. "Hameln: the Town of 'The Pied Piper,' or Der Rattanfänger," is another good Browning article. "Newlyn and the Newlyn School," is an illustrated description of a new artist's haunt in England. "Modern Venetian Glass and its Manufacture," corrects a false impression of ours about an art that we thought was lost. An etching by Rajon, after Sir Joshua Reynolds, is the frontispiece.

We welcome a new visitor to the Table. It is the cheery, bright-colored *Cosmopolitan*. One having a taste for art will like Professor Evans' "Artists and Art Life in Munich." Marie Bashkirtseff is the subject of personal reminiscences of a fellow-student, and the article is of interest on that account. "The Gymnasium of a Great University" is the Hemenway Gymnasium of Harvard, and is particularly attractive to college men. Miss Bisland is in the second stage of her "Flying Trip Around the World." Murat Halstead's department is full of the keenness and dash so characteristic of the man. The number contains some excellent verse.

*Lippincott's* for May contains as its principal fiction Bret Harte's "A Sappho of Green Springs." The title recalls "A Phyllis of the Sierras," and the story itself shows that Mr. Harte, though so long abroad, has

not forgotten the West, and has not lost his charm as a story teller. Lafcadio Hearn, perhaps the most brilliant word-painter among living writers of English, contributes a powerful psychological story in "Karma." Henry W. Raymond discusses "Subsidies and Shipping," a subject familiar to Princeton debaters. Mr. Raymond believes, and gives reasons for his belief, that subsidies would do much to revive our shipping interests. Edgar Fawcett writes "The Icicle," a bright comedy in rhyme. Professor W. H. Johnson replies very effectively to Mr. McNally's very narrow answer to the question "Does College Training Pay?" All in all, this is the best *Lippincott's* for months.

"Barbizon and Jean-Francois Millet" is the opening article of the May *Scribner's*, and is fronted by a portrait of the great painter. It is richly illustrated, and, in view of the present interest in Millet, is timely. "As Haggards of the Rock" is a unique short story. Frank Dempster Sherman is represented by a bit of his graceful verse. T. J. Nakagawa tells of "The Theatres of Japan," and gives us a glimpse of a drama and a stage we had never seen before. The many students of Jurisprudence in Princeton will enjoy the second of the series of papers on the "Rights of the Citizen." Karl Erickson, a new writer in a new field, is the author of "Pernilla," a tender story of love and life among the Scandinavians of Minnesota. The June number will probably contain Stanley's article on the Emin Relief Expedition.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for May opens with "Henrik Ibsen: His Early Literary Career as Poet and Playwright." If you are interested in Ibsen and would have a proper understanding of his mature work you must read this account of the formative period of his development. Agnes Repplier contributes a clever and daring article on "Literary Shibboleths," in which she pleads for the expression of individual tastes as opposed to current fashion. Mr. James' "Tragic Muse" is concluded. Mr. Morton meets in a second paper "Some Popular Objections to Civil Service Reform." Dr. Holmes talks as delightfully as ever "Over the Teacups," and closes with some charming verses, called "I Like You, and I Love You."

In the May *Forum*, Mr. Carlisle criticises the administration in "Republican Promise and Performance," and shows reason for Democratic hope for the future. Prof. Goldwin Smith discusses his hobby once more in "Canada Through English Eyes," a partial reply to Sir Charles Dilke's "Problems of Greater Britain." Archdeacon Farrar, in discussing "Literary Criticism," shows how much more often critics have failed than succeeded in marking a great man. Rev. B. W. Bacon was a great foot-ball player when at Yale, and now does a good turn for his *Alma Mater* by writing on "Bible Instruction in Colleges," with special reference to the study of religious literature at Yale. Rev. Howard Crosby shows the condition of New York under its "Government by Rum-sellers." An optimistic prophecy of the future of the farmer concludes the number.

The *Princeton College Bulletin* for April opens with an abstract of the President's Report to the February meeting of the Board of Trustees. Professor Fine discusses very fully the subject of Local Entrance Examinations, and shows the need of an endowment for their proper maintenance. A sketch of the life of Dr. Frederic Vinton follows. The "Original Contributions" and various scientific papers are evidence of the work being done by Professors and Fellows.

Every year the colleges of America are being drawn closer together in community of interests—in religious work, athletics and the like. Surely the college publications can help this good tendency by their interchange of news and of opinions. We have met a good many college people at the Table in the last week or two, and have found some of them very good company indeed. They are of many sorts—witty and dull, pugnacious and conciliatory, large and small, well-dressed and otherwise. Some of them like to gossip, some are intensely practical, some are of a literary turn of mind. Those literary people are particularly interesting to us. They tell entertaining stories, and write some good poetry, and essays that are not always heavy or trite. We can only talk this time about a very few of our friends.

The *Harvard Advocate* of a recent date has, in "Marvin The Half-Back," a story which is much below the average. It is puerile in tone and as a story is incomplete. "An Old Song New Sung," in the same number, is a pleasing short poem.

"A Dream of a Dreamer," in the *Trinity Tablet*, is an allegory exceedingly well done, and showing a power of imagination and of word-painting far beyond the ordinary college amateur.

The *Cornell Magazine* is unique among college periodicals. From cover to cover of the April number there is not a word by any of the editors. "The Journalist Abroad," by Prof. Tuttle, is interesting and, of course, well written. The work of professors and alumni, though good, does not reach the standard of the metropolitan magazines with which this non-student publication must compete. Why should this magazine exist if it has no literary constituency to furnish its material? We would suggest giving the young women of Sage College a chance.

Our French exchange, *L'Université de Paris*, has an entertaining account of a ball given by the association of students.

The *Columbia Spectator* is disappointed by the work done in its Prize Story Contest, and, after reading the prize story, we are not surprised.

We give some of the best verse of the month's exchanges:

A SEA SHELL.

An idle dreamer, strolling down the sand,  
I found, laid at my feet, a tiny shell,  
Tossed and abandoned by a failing swell,

A point of light upon the low black strand ;  
 Caressingly I held it in my hand,  
 And heard its hidden whispering voices tell  
 Strange secrets of the home where it did dwell  
 Ere careless breakers bore it up to land.  
 And like that tiny shell my spirit seems  
 Tossed helplessly on life's uncharted shore,  
 Murmuring a mystic burden o'er and o'er,  
 A melody of half forgotten dreams,  
 Faint echoes from some lost life lived before  
 In happy reverie by Arcadian streams.

—Yale Lit.

#### DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

She sits alone with weary half-closed eyes,  
 While at her feet the waves are lapping low,  
     And far away,  
     The dying day  
 Steals gently off with limping steps and slow.  
 But heedless of this all she sits and dreams,  
 Her clasped hands rest idly on her knee,  
     Her glorious hair  
     Is shining fair—  
 As with a myriad light it brightly gleams.  
 Why builds she thus her castles frail and light  
 As though the life about her held dismay ?  
     For wasting thus  
     Her sacred trust,  
 She fails to find life's object true and bright.

—Swarthmore Phoenix.

#### THE VANISHED YEARS.

The vanished years ! When soft and low  
 The winds of evening gently blow,  
     Calling the weary souls to rest—  
     And one cloud rosy in the west  
 Tells of the day's departed glow,  
 Then fleeting visions come and go,  
 Dreams of the past. More sweet they grow,  
 More sad. Ah ! would that we possessed  
     The vanished years !  
 Like to ceaseless ebb and flow  
 Of some vast sea, so to and fro,  
     Surge waves of longing through the breast.  
 Vain longing ! Who can hope to wrest  
 From Time's firm hand the long ago,  
     The vanished years ?

—Trinity Tablet.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

STUDIES IN LITERATURE AND STYLE. BY T. W. HUNT, PH.D.  
(NEW YORK: A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON.)

The reader of this volume will be convinced that the author has in an admirable manner accomplished his purpose, which he informs us is "to state, discuss and exemplify the representative types of style with primary reference to the needs of the English literary student."

It will prove a very valuable assistant to the student of style and literature, for he will find in this convenient compass a clear and complete tabulation of the various kinds of style with their several characteristics, accompanied by well selected specimens from the masters. The book opens with a discussion of "the claims of Literary Studies" and then proceeds to treat of the intellectual style, the literary, the impassioned, the popular, the critical, the poetic, the satirical and the humorous. Two chapters follow upon the special literary characteristics of two of our modern masters of style, Matthew Arnold and Emerson. The book is a result of very wide reading, of discrimination and study, and provides the student with an excellent guide for the formation of a proper style.

IN THE GARDEN OF DREAMS. BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.  
(BOSTON: ROBERTS BROTHERS.)

Like a fair woman, tastefully dressed, is a volume of verse in an appropriate binding. "In the Garden of Dreams" comes in a charming form, with an ornamented cover and exquisite illustrations. But the externals are not everything. Mrs. Moulton writes gracefully without being superficial, and voices most tenderly the sadness which is not bitter, but is the sentiment of those who have found more of sorrow than of joy in this life, and have hope only for another. This is not a mere jingle of current literary pessimism. In the Lyrics and the French Tunes occasional poems in lighter vein appear. Roses are such a favorite theme that the book might have been named "In a Rose-Garden." "His Second Wife Speaks" is the weakest thing in the book. The author proves her claim to the title of poet by her success with the sonnet. Of these "In the Court of the Lions" is perhaps the best. The following bright bit of verse is one of those styled "French Tunes:"

"Thistle down is a woman's love,—  
Thistle-down with the wind at play,  
Let him who wills this truth to prove,  
"Thistle-down is a woman's love,"

Seek her innermost heart to move.  
Though the wind should blow her vows his way,  
Thistle-down is a woman's love,—  
Thistle-down with the wind at play."

**ALBRECHT.** BY ARLO BATES. (BOSTON: ROBERTS BROTHERS.)

In these days of the fleshly French realism on the one hand, and the commonplace American realism on the other, it is a pleasure to meet a novel which is essentially idealistic in subject and treatment. A hint of the story is found in the author's naming the brief preface after the German—Fore-word. Mr. Bates tells us in that Fore-word that this tale is not a historical novel, is not didactic, does not aim to give a picture of the times, but finds its excuse for being in the deep problem of human experience.

The time is the age of Charlemagne; the place, an old castle in the Black Forest, whose chatelaine Erna is loved by Albrecht, a prince of the "Kobolds," a race without souls. Tradition says that marriage with a human maiden will give a Kobold a soul. Albrecht marries Erna, and, losing his old impetuosity and heedlessness, studies earnestly, under the good priest Father Christopher, everything spiritual. The wife, on the contrary, acquires a great deal of Albrecht's past nature. So they drift further and further apart. Erna finds a lover in her cousin, Count Stephen. After many doubts and partial estrangement, after their married life is almost wrecked, the haven is reached at last, and the love of Albrecht and Erna is secure in a peace which will never be disturbed. It is difficult to characterize the charm of the fitting and simple style in which "Albrecht" is written. It is worth a careful reading.

**A CENTURY OF ELECTRICITY.** BY T. C. MENDENHALL. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

This work was first published in 1886, but has been thoroughly revised and extended so as to embrace the wonderful advances which have been made during the last three years. It is now re-issued as the first volume of the Riverside Science Series. It is not a scientific treatise, but the author sketches for us in an interesting way the growth of the science of electricity during the present century, with its principal applications. This branch of science is at present attracting a great share of the attention of scientific men, and here we have presented to us in a book which every one can read and understand, the fundamental facts and principles underlying the science. The binding is exceedingly neat and the type clear and legible.

**THE PHYSICAL PROPERTIES OF GASES.** BY ARTHUR L. KIMBALL. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

Prof. Kimball, of Johns Hopkins, is the author of this second volume of the Riverside Science Series. It is of a popular character, not pop-



ular in the sense of science made easy, but as adapted to the needs of one who wishes in brief and readable form the results and theories of contemporary physical science. The properties of gases regarded as fluid masses and those which depend on their molecular structure are quite fully discussed, and then the kinetic theory is examined and the evidence for it presented. The comprehension of the subject is aided by some forty illustrations.

SEMITIC PHILOSOPHY. BY PHILIP C. FRIESE. (CHICAGO: S. C. GRIGGS & Co.)

The title of this book scarcely gives an adequate notion of its nature. Instead of a historical or critical treatment of the development of philosophy among Semitic peoples, the author attempts to tear off the incrustation of creed and dogma which has been formed around it, and discover the fundamental principle, the vital content which has made Semitic and particularly Jewish thought so potent in shaping our civilization.

There is a reminder of the starting point of Erigena in his assumption that true philosophy and true religion are one. His theory of material Sensuous Ideas is rather startling, but is proved by a paragraph. After discussing his First Principle, the author makes a practical application of it to modern social conditions. Here many suggestions are interesting, although the reader will likely disagree with him on some points.

WHOM TO TRUST. A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON MERCANTILE CREDITS. BY P. R. EARLING. (CHICAGO: RAND, McNALLY & Co.)

A college man whose head is full of the theory of exchange and credit will do well to turn to a work which treats the question from a practical standpoint. Mr. Earling has for years had charge of the credit department of one of the largest firms in Chicago and he gives in his book the result of his experience in a clear and business-like form which will make it a valuable hand-book to young men entering business. While written from the practical point of view, the work is conceived on broad lines and shows a thorough knowledge of the theoretical and historical side of credits as well.

GOETHE'S SESENHEIM. EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY H. C. O. HUSS, PH.D. (BOSTON: D. C. HEATH & Co.)

It is pleasant to contemplate the multiplication of valuable works from the pens of our professors. If Dr. Huss has done nothing else with this little book, he has made the task of the student of German more interesting. Sesenheim combines the two requisites of a text for successful class-room work—excellent style and entertaining matter. It is the

story of a sweet and tender episode of Goethe's student life told by him in his old age. The introduction and notes are helpful and adequate.

AN ICELAND FISHERMAN. FROM THE FRENCH OF PIERRE LOTI.  
(CHICAGO: A. C. McCLURG & Co. \$1.00.)

When one writes in a true and sympathetic way of an unfamiliar country and of people little known, when the story is of love and death, each, at times, the greatest friend and foe of man, the heart of the reader goes out to the story-teller in gratitude for something new and strongly human. Add to these elements of novelty and sympathy grace and individuality of style and you have the reasons for reading Pierre Loti's "*Pêcheur d'Islande*," a very adequate translation of which lies before us. It is a story of the Breton fisher folk at home in sunny France, and on their long cruises in the dangerous seas near Iceland. The unwavering love of the beautiful Gaud and the vexatious obstinacy of the brave fisherman Yann, their betrothal at last, their marriage and Yann's sad, last voyage are the thread of the tale. The sea, the generous, the remorseless sea, giving every year their means of life and requiring every year its quota of victims, is an ever-present undertone in the life of the Bretons and in this story.

SISTER SAINT SULPICE. FROM THE SPANISH OF DON ARMANDO PALACIO VALDÉS. (NEW YORK: T. Y. CROWELL & Co.)

We are almost reconciled to realism after reading the prologue to this novel, in which Senor Valdés makes a masterly defense of the fiction which tries to photograph nature. He confesses regret for writing some passages in former novels which gained much praise, but in which he fears that he yielded to the sin of "effectism." Sister Saint Sulpice, the heroine, is a nun, who dares to laugh, in fact laughs a great deal throughout the story. She is adorably beautiful, and leaves her convent to marry a young physician who had attended the Mother Superior. It is a delightful tale of Southern Spain, and we fear that Senor Valdés will have cause to regret some more situations which are "too effective" for the even tenor of realism.

MORAL MAXIMS. BY FRANCIS, DUKE OF ROCHEFOUCAULD. (CHICAGO: BELFORD, CLARKE & Co.)

The world is very fond of epigrams to-day, and this new edition of the aphorisms of the famous La Rochefoucauld will undoubtedly find a welcome. Living as he did, in the midst of the gorgeous superficiality of the court of the Grand Monarch, it is not strange that the author thought that all human action could be traced back to self-love and that he accordingly took it as the thread upon which to string his maxims.

Some of his sayings are now proverbs in all languages. He pierced sham when alive and he may do it again to-day. If you have never read *La Rochefoucauld*, read him now, but do it with the knowledge that all that he says is from one standpoint and that much is distorted for the sake of the epigram.

**EKKEHARD, A TALE OF THE TENTH CENTURY.** TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF JOSEPH VICTOR VON SCHEFFEL. 2 VOLS. (NEW YORK: W. S. GOTTSCHEBERG & Co.)

The charm of the German historical novels is well known, and this latest translation will surely be well received. It is uniform with the translations of Ebers and Eckstein already published, but is superior to them in having the notes at the end of the volume instead of the old footnotes so familiar and so vexatious. It is a story of mediæval Germany. Hadwig, Duchess of Suabia, a beautiful, masterful woman, is loved by her tutor, the Monk Ekkehard, and half loves him in return. He is accused of sacrilege in making love to her in the chapel, and is thrown into a dungeon by the order of the abbot. He escapes and becomes the hermit of the Ebenalk, where he composes his epic—the *Waltari-song*. After awhile he goes out and mingles with the world, never returning to the monastery or to Hadwig's castle by the Bodensee.

**SYRLIN.** BY OUIDA. (J. B. LIPPINCOTT.)

"*Syrlin*," a novel of the present time, by the author of "*Under Two Flags*," deals with life in England among the nobility. The story of *Syrlin*, the actor, fresh from his triumphal career on the stage, his introduction into the highest social life, and his romantic love for Lady Avillion, is told as only Ouida can tell such tales. Ouida has a faculty of creating, from a purely imaginative and ideal character, a very possible hero or heroine. We cannot say that we have ever met people like them, but they seem to have existed. The book is filled with those remarks on men and character, philosophical, cynical and original, that Ouida's society novels abound in. It holds the high tone of interest to the end.

**THE FEET OF LOVE.** BY ANNE REEVE ALDRICH. (NEW YORK: WORthington Co.)

The odd title of this story comes from a verse of Swinburne which appears on the title page, and if Swinburne should write a novel he might write it in a way not unlike some of the passages in this one. The subject is the passion of a giddy young clergyman for an old flame of his, who is the "salaried companion" of his fiancée. A terrible necessity for a choice between them is the denouement of a novel that will be read this summer.

**THE PRINCESS OF MONTERRAT.** BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE. (ALBANY: ALBANY BOOK COMPANY.)

After being tormented by theological and philosophical platitudes and fine-spun metaphysics, masquerading as novels, it is refreshing to take up a real good, old-fashioned story where hero and heroine pass through a number of interesting adventures in an entertaining manner and marry in the good old English way in the last chapter. If anyone wishes to rest the speculative convolutions of his brain and enjoy a bright narrative, let him read this book.

**MODERN SCIENCE AND MODERN THOUGHT.** BY S. LAING. ILLUSTRATED. (NEW YORK: HUMBOLDT PUBLISHING COMPANY.)

This is a reprint of a book which ran through six editions in England in one month. It is a brilliant array of the principal results of modern science by one who has accepted them *in toto*. In view of the present uneasiness in religious circles we may predict a wide reading for this book in America. The supplemental chapter on Drummond's Natural Law in the Spiritual World will interest Princetonians who have heard Professor Drummond and have read his book. This work appears in two numbers—117 and 118—of "The Humboldt Library of Science."

**THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AND THE STORING OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY.** BY GERALD MOLLOY, D.D., D.Sc. ILLUSTRATED.

**THE MODERN THEORY OF HEAT AND THE SUN AS A STOREHOUSE OF ENERGY.** BY GERALD MOLLOY, D.D., D.Sc. ILLUSTRATED. (NEW YORK: HUMBOLDT PUBLISHING Co.)

These are Nos. 119 and 120 of the valuable Humboldt Library. To the specialist and to the dabbler in science they will be equally interesting. They are important additions to the literature of science.

**THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION OF THE SWISS CONFEDERATION.** TRANSLATED BY PROF. A. B. HART. (BOSTON: D. C. HEATH & Co.)

The Swiss Constitution is here so admirably and accurately rendered into English that it will be a great aid to the constantly growing body of students of Political Science.

**FRESHMAN AND SENIOR.** BY ELVIRTON WRIGHT. (BOSTON AND CHICAGO: CONGREGATIONAL S. S. AND PUBLISHING SOCIETY.)

This is a story of life at the University of Vermont, and as such should be interesting to college men. The central figure of the story is an impossible five-year-old boy who goes to college with his elder brother and is known as the "little freshman." A lively cane-rush is an episode which comes home to most of us.

HAUNTINGS. BY VERNON LEE. (NEW YORK: F. F. LOVELL & Co. 50c.)

This is a collection of four stories of the weird, which are tinged with the Italian life of the author. *Dionea* is perhaps the best. A readable book for a summer evening.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

TWENTY NOVELETTES. BY TWENTY PROMINENT NOVELISTS. 30c.

A MYSTERY OF THE FAST MAIL. 25c. (NEW YORK: F. F. LOVELL & Co.)

THE FOURTH READING BOOK. BY EBBEN H. DAVIS, A.M. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co.)

Better than many similar collections. The extracts are from good authors and are well adapted to the purpose.

THE SELF-INSTRUCTOR IN PHRENOLOGY. BY O. S. AND L. N. FOWLER. 50c. (NEW YORK: FOWLER & WELLS COMPANY.)

The subject of phrenology is interesting to all—even to those who will not admit its claims. This is a complete hand-book, and is copiously illustrated.

## CALENDAR.

APRIL 1ST.—First annual Athletic and Gymnastic contest of Princeton Preparatory School. Following medals awarded: McDowell, '90, for general excellence; Mahai, '90, horizontal bars; Anderson, '90, parallel bars; Clay, '91, middle-weight wrestling; Garman, '92, light-weight wrestling.

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